

## Scary New by mrkwdmems

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Multi, My first fic, Polyamory, Slow Burn, nothing more intimate than some kissing probably, title may change throughout

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington, Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler

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**Summary:**

Ever since the day his brother was abducted, Jonathan Byers' life had changed forever. The events of that week still left him lying awake at night, scared to close his eyes lest nightmares strike. Now, though, Jonathan had his brother back, and along with that he had gained something he had never truly had before: Friends.

## Scary New

January 24, 1983

Ever since the day his brother was abducted, Jonathan Byers' life had changed forever. The events of that week still left him lying awake at night, scared to close his eyes lest nightmares strike. Now, though, Jonathan had his brother back, and along with that he had gained something he had never truly had before: Friends.

He also had a new camera, given to him by Nancy Wheeler as he left her house that Christmas Eve. Jonathan had his suspicions about who was actually behind the gift, but nevertheless, every time he laid eyes on it, he felt the ghost of Nancy's lips on his cheek. It was one of his favorite things to look at.

Of course, she had snuggled back down against Steve immediately afterwards, but that didn't stop Jonathan from silently replaying the scene in his head the entire drive home. Will, of course, was talking nonstop about the Dungeons and Dragons campaign the boys had just finished, which somehow turned into him describing everything he wanted for Christmas in detailed order. Jonathan occasionally chimed in with a "That sounds great," or "Wow, really?" but was somewhat distracted by the packaged camera sitting on the dashboard. Will noticed this, and couldn't resist asking, "So Nancy's your girlfriend now, right?"

Jonathan was shocked out of his stupor. "What? No. No, we're just..." he hesitated. "friends."

They were both quiet for a moment, before Jonathan turned to his brother with a playful smirk.

"What about you?" he teased. "I thought I heard the boys mention a Taylor... Loch, was it?"

"What? No!" Will's cheeks pinked. "Fine, I take back what I said about you and Nancy!"

The boys rode the rest of the way in comfortable silence until

Jonathan parked the car in front of the Byers' house. Will exited the car, walked a little ways towards the front door, then suddenly turned back and opened the passenger door again.

"It's actually Taylor Lox. Not Loch." With that, he slammed the car door shut and fled to the house.

Jonathan laughed. It felt good.

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January 2, 1984

Before that year, Jonathan had spent his lunch periods in his car, the crackling radio turned up high. Today, however, he had been working up the courage to go into the cafeteria and sit down with Nancy and Steve.

This is stupid, he scolded his racing thoughts as he walked head down, hands in pockets, to the cafeteria. They're your friends. They won't mind.

Jonathan made it to the cafeteria doors, and peeked in to find his friends. His eyes landed on the two, at a table by themselves, and Jonathan began to walk towards them.

As he got closer though, it became clear to him that Nancy and Steve were in deep conversation; they were immersed in one another's eyes.

They hadn't seen him yet, which Jonathan took as his opportunity to turn around and walk away. He didn't stop until he was in the front seat of his car. The familiarity was almost comforting enough to mask the loneliness.

Leaning back in his seat, he turned on the ignition and cursed: the heater had broken just the past week. He considered going back inside, but something stopped him. He wasn't quite sure what it was, but he knew it was important, and confusing.

Jonathan reached forward and switched on the radio before setting his lunch to the side and closing his eyes. He was suddenly not very hungry.

The radio was halfway through a song, and Jonathan was so engrossed in it that he didn't notice the tapping on the window until someone opened the passenger door and plopped themselves down in the seat next to Jonathan.

Jonathan jumped, jerking his head to the side too suddenly, then slapping a hand to his throat and groaning when he pulled a neck muscle. He swiveled his head to the passenger seat a little more gingerly this time, and gulped when he saw none other than Nancy Wheeler sitting next to him.

Jonathan was speechless, even more so when a grumble came from a second, deeper voice. "No way. I am not sitting in the back."

"Well, it's either that or sitting on my lap, Steve," Nancy retorted, rolling her eyes at Jonathan playfully, as if they were sharing a joke as she turned down the radio.

Steve eyed her, then smirked and warned her "Don't tempt me, Wheeler,"

Nancy laughed, a light, tinkling sound that made Steve grin. "Just get in the damn car!"

Steve obliged, opting for the backseat as opposed to Nancy's lap, for her sake as well as his.

Jonathan finally found his voice. "What are you..."

Nancy shrugged. "We were waiting for you, and when you didn't come to us—"

"We figured we'd come to you," Steve cut in, sticking his head between the two and smiling his signature charming fuckboy-esque smile.

There was a somewhat awkward silence when none of the three really knew what to say, until Steve, being smooth as he is, reached forwards and marginally turned up the volume on the stereo.

"What are we listening to?"

There was a beat of hesitation before Jonathan's brain registered that the question had been aimed at him. "Oh, uh—" he listened for a second. "A Forest," he stated with more confidence than he felt. "Er, I think."

"That's by... The Cure, right?" Steve guessed.

Nancy turned to him with a puzzled look on her face.

"What?" he said, mildly defensive but eyeing Nancy with a playful smirk. "I know music."

Jonathan didn't know Steve very well, but even he was surprised that he knew The Cure. He just didn't seem the type. Maybe there was more to Steve than met his eyes, Jonathan supposed. There was a part of him that wanted to find out how deep it went.

Nancy, however, was suspicious. She knew that Steve never actually listened to that kind of music. She wasn't going to point that out in front of Jonathan, though. She had mercy enough to not put him through that awkward conversation.

So instead she sat back and laughed with her two best friends.

### **Author's Note:**

This is the first thing I've written with over 1,000 words, so sorry if it's a little short but, hopefully, they will be getting longer!

I do not know how long this will be, or how often I will update it, but... bear with me, I guess?